

Oversized Sweaters and Oversized Feelings by thetasteofsunshine

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, Underage Drinking, but its like one glass of wine so...

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Murray Bauman, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-13

Updated: 2018-03-13

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:21:58

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,256

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

If it was the younger Byers and Wheeler that met Murray.

Oversized Sweaters and Oversized Feelings

After trekking waist-deep through mud and running from people wanting to kill him and Will, the last thing Mike wanted was to have his car break down in the middle of nowhere. So that's of course what happened.

"Shit, shit, shit, oh, please no!" Mike said as the car slowed to a stop, the engine seeming to give up.

"Great," Will muttered from the passenger seat, almost running his hand through his hair before remembering it was covered in mud. It originally didn't start like that, but in the middle of Spring, in Hawkins, after you're running from people you thought were dead, you're bound to get muddy. Will just wished Dustin and Lucas hadn't bailed out on him and Mike, insisting things like how Lucas was out on a date with Max, and Dustin was watching Erica because Lucas was stubborn and wouldn't move his date night to a time where his parents weren't out of town.

Mike opened the car door, lifting the hood of the car as Will followed. He stared at the odds and ends, as if looking hard enough at it, it would magically work.

"I have no idea what to do," Mike said with finality, turning his head toward Will. "You?" Will looked up at him in a way that said *do you think I know how to fix a car?* Mike sighed heavily, slamming the hood of the car with a little more force than necessary. "Will, what are we going to do? We're days away from home, with a broken down car, with evil scientists probably after us, covered in mud, and stuck in the middle of fucking nowhere!" Mike kicked the car, jumping away while holding his foot and muttering curses under his breath.

Will looked up and around, scanning their dark surroundings. His eyes widened at a light in the distance. "Mike." Will nudged his friend's muddy arm, who was still hopping around and staring at the hood of his car as if it had disgraced his mother. "*Mike.*"

"*What?*" Mike asked, his voice laced with annoyance.

Will pointed wordlessly into the distance, a small square outline lit up from inside. "House."

Mike straightened up, looking to where Will was pointing. He looked back at his car, then at the house again. His shoulders seemed to tense up, then relax. "We have a lot of walking ahead of us."

...

The long walk took longer than long, and Will agreed as he lost feeling of his aching feet as him and Mike stepped up to a door (which didn't seem to have a handle) with the words "Keep Door Closed" in chipping red spray paint.

"Friendly," Will muttered and Mike chuckled before knocking on the shady door.

A loud crackle startled the two of them as a man's voice said, "*There's a bell for a reason, you know. Use it.*"

"What?" Will snipped, looking around at the concrete building. "Where?"

"Well I guess it doesn't matter anyway. Look at the camera."

"Be more specific, please," Mike grumbled, looking around and finding a weird box on the left of the door.

"Not the loudspeaker, above you, to the right. It's got a little blinking red dot on it." The man spoke to them as if they were five year-olds. They did in fact, both look up and to the right, finding a security camera with a lens that reflected in the dark.

They both turned as the sound of multiple locks unclicking came from behind the door. It opened with a loud creak that let them know it wasn't opened often.

The man standing behind it was wearing a red, yellow, and black robe opened up over a pair of sweatpants and a stained white tank top, one you would wear under a dress shirt. He had lightly orange tinted glasses that took up half of his oval face, with a largely receding hairline and a mustache and beard that looked like he had

taken what was now the bald spot on his head and stuck it on his face.

“Michael Wheeler, William Byers,” he inclined his head toward each of them in turn, “you two are a long way from home.”

“How—how do you know our names?” Will asked tentatively.

“Murray Bauman, private investigator. I know most about Hawkins with that whole thing that happened four or so years ago. Though I don’t know why you would show up on my doorstep.” He shuffled quickly, gesturing with his hand come in. Will and Mike exchanged looks before they stepped up and into the house.

The house was stuffy and smelled kind of like dust bunnies.

“Oh, wow.” Mike and Will looked up at the man, who was staring at their muddy attire, which thankfully seemed to have dried on their trek to the man’s house. “You two look like you’ve been through some tough stuff.” He whistled appreciatively and laughed at his unintentional rhyming skills. “What you guys need is a shower, a bed and probably—” he walked over to his fridge and grabbed something out of it, “a drink.”

“Uh-h-h-h, let’s hold off on that last one,” Will suggested. “But you said something about showers?”

...

Will stepped out of the bathroom, wearing an overlarge and surprisingly clean sweater (he guessed Murray had never worn it before) and feeling warm and comfortable. He walked into the living room, finding the man lounging in an armchair and drinking a glass of dark liquid that probably wasn’t grape juice. (And probably wasn’t his first glass, for that matter.)

And sitting across from him was a dark (curly? Since when was it curly?) haired Mike Wheeler, with a similar glass and a pair of sweatpants that looked two sizes too big.

“So how much do you know about Hawkins?” Mike was saying as Will sat next to him, sinking into the well-worn couch.

“Oh, everything,” Murray started. “Like how you didn’t get lost in the woods.” He motioned to Will as he took a sip from his glass. Will paled, turning to Mike, who was already looking at him with a similar expression. “And how that’s all bullshit and there’s some monster from another dimension that Hawkins’ Lab unleashed that lead to the death of Barbara Holland.”

Mike choked into his glass of wine, and Will took the glass from him as Mike coughed into his borrowed sweater sleeve.

“How the hell did you know all of that?” Will demanded.

Murray raised his eyebrows in surprise. “Well I thought you’d know. It was both of your older siblings, after all.”

This was when Mike’s coughing finally stopped, and he wheezed out, “Nancy?” at the exact same time Will sat up and spluttered, “Jonathan?”

The man looked to the ceiling as if berating himself for being surprised. “Yes, because why would they tell anybody anything.”

Mike grabbed for his glass back, but Will pulled it out of his reach and muttered, “last time you tried to drink this you almost died,” but the smile on his face gave away his joke. Mike leaned back, glaring and crossing his arms as Will took a sip of the dark wine.

“So,” Murray started, “what brings you two to my humble abode?” He took a large gulp from his drink.

“Well-”

“You see-”

“Broke down car-”

“Had to walk for too long-”

“But before that-”

“Being where we weren’t supposed to-”

“Running for our lives-”

“Pouring rain-”

“Lots of mud-”

“Okay, okay, I get the gist,” Murray interrupted. “So you guys just happen to find my place after walking for hours and appearing on my doorstep at two AM?”

“Yeah,” Mike mused.

“Pretty much,” Will shrugged.

“Well, I’ll call a tow truck in the morning to deal with your car, but right now, what you need is rest.” Mike yawned at that second, as if proving his point. “There’s a pullout couch in my study. There used to be a guest bedroom, but I changed it into my resources center.”

Will rolled his eyes. “Hey, um, do you have like a sleeping bag, or-or something...” he trailed off, bringing the drink to his lips to busy himself with something other than talking.

“I’m confused, what’s going on here?” Murray motioned between the two boys. “Lovers’ quarrel?”

Now it was Will’s turn to cough on drink. “What? No! We’re—I’m *straight*!” Will said, his voice an octave too high.

“Straight!” Mike echoed, grabbing the glass from Will’s hand and taking a smug sip. Murray let out a bark of a laugh, making both of them jump.

“Oh, I can’t—ah-ha, you want me to believe—ho—I—wow.” He seemed to gain his composure. “That is the most blatant lie I’ve ever heard!”

“It’s not a *lie*!” Mike defended, scrunching his eyebrows together.

“No?” Murray blanched. “You’re young, attractive, you’ve got chemistry, history, plus—” he waved around with his drink, “the real shit: shared trauma.” He indicated to Will. “Trust issues, amiright?”

Something to do with your dad?"

"No, no, I mean—my dad—he's—he's uh—"

"An *asshole*," Mike interrupted Will's half attempt at an argument.

"He a pure asshole and you know it, Will."

Murray hummed in acknowledgement. "It is a curse to see so clearly."

"Oh yeah, we've been friends since kindergarten and suddenly we're dating," Mike muttered, mostly to himself, but loud enough so everyone else could hear.

"You." Murray's head turned to Mike, as if done analyzing Will. "You're harder to read. Probably, like everyone, afraid of what would happen if you accepted yourself for who you are and retreated to the safety of... name?" He snapped his fingers, causing Mike's frown to somehow deepen. "Name?"

"El!" Will revealed, not looking up from a small stain on the carpet, and Mike snapped his head toward Will, a look on his face that of betrayal. Because who would Mike Wheeler be if he wasn't dramatic?

"Oh-h-h," Murray nodded his head as if everything had fallen into place. "El! We like El."

"Yes," Mike said, extremely annoyed and wanting everyone to know it.

"But we don't love El, now do we?" Murray interjected.

"What? No—I—we—I mean—I-I do!"

"And there it is ladies and germs," Murray announced as if to a crowd, "the second obvious lie of the evening." He stood up from his chair with a finality. "So, how'd I do?"

"Complete bullshit," Mike muttered, staring at his knees and forcing his eyes away from the boy sitting next to him. "If this were a test, you're failing the class, buddy."

"You know," Mike rolled his eyes as the man kept talking, "I

remember telling something similar to your older siblings and they ended up screwing in my guest bedroom, so..."

Mike got up from the couch and left the room for the study, muttering something about how "oh my god, that's fucking disgusting," and Will looked like he'd smelled something bad, his nose scrunched up tight.

"There's a bedroll underneath the pile of blankets next to the sofa," Murray said as he started ascending the stairs that Will supposed lead to his room. "But if I were you, I'd just cut the bullshit and share the damn bed."

Will ignored the comment as he walked over to the pile of blankets Murray indicated and found the sleeping bag. He found Mike in the study, angrily unfolding the pullout from the couch and muttering. "Afraid? I'm not afraid."

"Hey."

Mike looked up, and all the contempt melted from his face. He then blushed, looking back to his task and saying a small, "Hi."

Will took to the floor next to the bed, unfolding the bag until Mike spoke up. "You take the bed. I can have the floor."

Will looked at the boy. The stupidly beautiful boy who apparently was hiding the fact that his hair was curly, a wild mane on his head that Will really wanted to run his hands through. *That's really gay*, he thought to himself.

"Nah, I'm good. You take the bed, you need it."

"No, Will, you obviously need it more than me, you take it."

"I can take the floor, look, I've got a sleeping bag."

"No. Take the bed."

"Quit being stubborn, Wheeler."

"Make me."

“Okay then. I’m taking the floor.”

“Know what? I’m not arguing with you.” Instead of going to take the bed, as Will thought he would, Mike picked. Will. Up. And. Threw. Him. On. The. Bed. He then proceeded to lay on top of him.

“What the hell, Mike?” Will exclaimed, but he was smiling too much for it to be actual anger.

“Now you can’t take the floor. I’m staying here until you go to sleep.” Will ceased struggling, knowing it would be a lost cause with a person lying across his middle.

“Why don’t we just both share the bed?” Will huffed.

“Because you, my dear Will, happen to always steal the blankets, waking me up from my peaceful dreams and leaving me like a popsicle.”

“I do not.”

“Yes you do. I still remember the fateful night of ‘85, when I froze to death.”

“Aren’t you exaggerating?” Will pointed out as he quirked his eyebrow.

“Not at all, William.”

“Fine then.” Mike looked at him, smiling cheesily. “Asshole,” Will added.

“Hey, you kept this asshole as your friend for twelve years, and I’m not leaving any time soon.”

“Thank God for that,” Will smiled, and they both seemed to relax. They lied in sleepy silence for about fifteen minutes before Will said, “You never told me your hair was curly.”

“Hmm?” Mike mumbled, half asleep.

“This.” Will pulled at one of Mike’s curls. Looking at him like this

was so new. It was like when he first saw Eleven without her MTV makeover, except it was a hair straightener instead of gel and a baggy sweater instead of a jacket with shoulder pads.

“Oh, yeah,” Mike muttered. “It started doing that when I turned thirteen. I didn’t like it and Nancy stopped using her straightener around that time so...”

“You’re such a dork,” Will laughed.

“Yeah. But I’m your dork.” What he said settled in his brain. “That is—I mean—we’re such close friends and—”

“Mike. I get it. Now get off of me, you oaf. You’re crushing me,” Will tried to say sternly, but he kept giggling. Mike got up, and Will watched him settle down into the sleeping bag.

“You sure you’re okay sleeping on the floor?” Will asked.

Mike turned, his trademark smile gracing his features. “Yeah. It’s like a sleepover back home.”

Will smiled. “Goodnight, Mike.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

Mike closed his eyes, hoping sleep would come to him easily. Alas, when your body wants to go to sleep, this is when your mind wakes up.

After about an hour of trying (and failing) to go to sleep, Mike was startled when Will whispered, “You’re not asleep yet, either?”

Mike sat up and sighed. “Nope.”

“Could you... could you maybe come up here with me?” he asked tentatively. “For a little bit.”

“Yeah, of course,” said Mike, taken aback but pleased, shrugged out of his sleeping bag and climbed up next to Will, who was sitting with his back rested against the headrest.

They sat in comfortable silence. That was happening a lot recently, Mike realized, but it was nice. Not needing to talk, the air filled with a warm buzz as his arm brushed up against Will's. Will leaned his head on Mike's shoulder, and Mike, in turn, leaned his head on Will's.

"How did you know I wasn't asleep?" Mike questioned, breaking the silence.

"Sorry to say Mike, but you snore. It's really hard to miss."

Mike scoffed. "I do not!"

"Yes you do."

"No I don't."

"Yes you do."

"No I don't."

Will shrugged. "Fine. But if you wake up Murray with you sounding like a broken bulldozer, I will just smirk and say, 'I told you so.'"

"Ugh."

"What?"

Mike scrunched his nose in disgust. "*Murray.*"

"Yeah," Will sighed. "That guy's a douche."

"I know right?" Mike started. "I mean..."

"He's so drunk."

"Wasted." Mike let out a breathy laugh.

"Yeah. I mean, what, he knows us for a couple of hours and then suddenly he has us all figured out?"

"Exactly! Yeah. I'm, uh... I'm glad we feel the same way."

Will yawned as he leaned away from his position on Mike's shoulder,

snuggling down underneath the blankets as he turned the face away from Mike.

“Goodnight.”

Mike stared at the form of the “sleeping” Will. Then he realized what he was doing.

“Um, yeah. Goodnight, I guess.” He climbed back into his sleeping bag, shutting his eyes tight. It’s four AM. *Why am I not even remotely tired?* Mike thought to himself.

Maybe it’s because of the person in the bed right next to you.

Shut up, brain.

“Hey, Will?” He cursed himself for speaking aloud. He heard the bed shift as Will poked his head over the side.

“Yeah, Mike? Anything wrong?”

And Mike looked up, as if seeing him in a new light. Had his hair always had that shine? And were those specks of gold in his eyes? And were his lips always that pink?

Before he knew what he was doing, he acted on impulse (he did that a lot), and sat up to Will’s height, cradling one side of his face with his hand before leaning in and pressing his lips to Will’s.

It ended just as fast as it happened, and Mike shied away as if Will was burning hot.

He looked back at the boy, whose eyes were still heavy with lack of sleep and the borrowed sweater he wore was slipping off his shoulder. But there was no excusing the grin spreading across his face as he tilted Mike’s chin up, *kissing*him. Mike’s hands came to rest on each side of Will’s head, and he didn’t care that his legs were in an awkward position and Will didn’t care that his back was aching. It was as if they forgot those things, their minds only focused around each other, and the feeling of each others soft lips touching.

It came to an end as, like all human beings, Mike needed oxygen, and

he was running low. They separated, but not too much, their foreheads touching as they breathed heavily.

"I...I think I really like you," Mike muttered.

"Oh, never would have guessed," Will said lightly, and Mike chuckled a bit.

"That's all I had to say."

"You were always more of a 'show-er' than a 'teller.'"

...

The next morning, Mike and Will sat at the small table shoved into a corner that Murray called a "dining room," drinking coffee and blinking sleep out of their eyes.

Will's eyes snapped open as a large plate of eggs clattered in front of him, sending a sort of heavenly smell up towards his nose. He shoved a bite of it into his mouth as Mike muttered "thanks."

"Ah, fttantfs," Will said through a mouthful of breakfast.

They ate in silence for a while before Murray piped up. "So Mike, how was the pull-out?"

Mike shrugged as he took a sip of coffee. "I don't know, I slept on the floor."

"Wait, you mean you guys didn't sleep together?" Murray seemed genuinely confused, waving his fork between the two as Will coughed on his egg.

"What the hell? No! A hundred times no!" Will said through gasps.

"Kissed a couple of times," Mike mumbled.

"Mike!"